

**Capt. Bott Tells How the Desert Fighters Cut the Turkish Forces to Pieces  
in a Whirlwind Charge—Escape of British Prisoners From  
the Black Hole of Constantinople**

This is the sixth of a series of articles by Capt. Alan Bott, R. A. F., who was captured by the Turks while flying with Gen. Allenby's Army of the Palestine. His amazing experiences as a Turkish prisoner of war are the basis for the present narrative, "In the Twilight of the Turkish Empire." He had opportunities for observing the collapse of Ottoman power such as few other men could find.

By CAPT. ALAN BOTT.

### Faisal's Diplomatic Triumph.

### Turks Flee in Panic.

Demanded to a valley, the Turks de-  
fended themselves until evening. Jus-  
t after sunset old Audu, with fifty horse-  
men, charged down a crooked hellow  
over some rising ground, shooting from  
his saddle as he came. The Turks  
were in panic, broke and scattered  
in all directions. One of the master Arab  
forces dashed down the hill, and killed  
as fast as their camels would bring  
them. Some of the Turks escaped, but  
the Arabs captured and killed more  
than their own total numbers. They  
captured along the great road which the  
Turks had constructed for the invasion  
of Egypt and entered Akaba in tri-  
umph.

A month later Feisal came to Akaba

would send a telegram to King George,

The Arab campaign of liberation was crowned by a magnificent dash to Deraa and Damascus, as part of the last great victory whereby Gen. Allenby overwhelmed the Turks.

little value for air fighting. Neverthe

less the BE-12 went into the air, and the manoeuvres of its pilot soon ended in a crash. The aircraft was destroyed, four two-seaters and four scouts were shot down, and the rest of the way from the Arab army. He flew westward, with the hostile machine in pursuit, and then, when his petrol was almost exhausted, gave them the slip and returned.

The pilot landed, but ran his own line of attack, where it turned over and crashed. A pursuing Halberstadt circled over it and scored a direct hit with a bomb. The British pilot was uninjured and made the best of a bad job by transferring his Lewis gun to a light truck, in which he ran up and down the railway, thus preventing any sort of landing.

left of the Turkish garrison and occupied the town. Soon afterward Fel-

**What Faisal's Force Accomplished**

In all, since Faisal's small force of a thousand men had left Akaba they and the irregulars they raised had in less than four weeks killed 5,000 Tur-

sand miles of historic country between

Mecca and Damascus, may now be heard in Paris, where Faisal, still with Col. Lawrence as adviser, is at the head of the Arab army. Faisal is one of that other Pan-Arabian thinker (besides being a soldier, Faisal is a poet and scholar of note), is of an Arab empire, with Damascus as capital, that will revive the more peaceful glories of the old Caliphate of the Arabian Caliphs. Whether the dream will be realized in the not too distant future depends on the sympathy and good will of Great Britain, France and America.

As for Col. Lawrence—a worthy successor of the Britishers of his own kind as Lord Clive and Gen. Gordon—when I last saw him in London

## Out of the Black Hole.

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Other drawbacks were that, unlike ours, the complexions of all Levantines—whether Turk, Greek, Jew or Armenian—were olive; that disguise was therefore very difficult, and that in any case a disguise was of little

over 350 miles of wild country, reaches

the coast, commandeered a Turkish ship and sailed for Cyprus and freedom. The only others who succeeded were Capt. White and I, who sailed to Odessa as stowaways, travelled from thence to Bulgaria and finally reached Salonica.

Of the others all but three were caught and kept in captivity until the armistice. The three captives remained hidden in Constantinople and carried out valuable propaganda work. I have already told the story of one of them (Col. "Z"), who negotiated with the Turkish Cabinet and was partly responsible for the Turkish armistice. The remaining two were Capt. Yeates-Brown and Capt. Sir Robert Paul.

Yeates-Brown and Paul escaped

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Hole about thirty British prisoners who at times gave the dungeons an individuality that was almost Anglo-Saxon. One day the officers, goaded to desperation by the hundreds of vermin

d being shut up like wild animals, wit

From this garden Yeats-Brown and Paul Plan Escaped decided to escape. The most feasible plan was to squeeze through some iron railings which overlooked the main square and fifty yards to make their way along the roof of an overhanging precipice until they reached a printing house, whence egress to the main square of the Ministry might be obtained.

At dusk on one evening twilight, when the pair were in the garden, with the six sentries—

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The pair stood on the edge of the railings and squeezed and pushed their bodies through the gap, thinking every instant to hear the clamor of sentries and the drone of Martini bullets.

they would start up a car, drive on

of the square, and so to the Bulgarian Embassy. The stoppage on the way would deliver a few German curses and open out the throttle. Already they imagined themselves arriving at Dedeagatch in a 56 h. p. Mercedes with full details (which they had already collected) of the defenses of Constantinople, Tchachaldji, and the Bosphorus.

But these vivid hopes were shattered. The rattlings led past an open window at which three Turks were sitting. Had the escaping Englishmen interposed their bodies between the Turks and the light they would have been safe. But they were not. With one hand the Turks could have pushed them down to certain death.



sixth stood at the railings about eight yards away. After hurriedly dusting themselves Yeats-Brown and Paul walked straight past the sixth sentry. He turned and looked at his watch.

at of shadow, threw away their hats and

They walked very slowly now, stopping frequently now and then to gesticulate and mutter, in the manner of the Medes and Persians, taking out the fezzes which they always carried concealed under their turbans, and putting on their heads the turbans they called *shamsas*. To understand their feelings it will be remembered that nobody had ever succeeded in escaping from this ancient prison, and the Turks prided themselves on the fact. Once before a pasha, a high official suspect had made a desperate attempt to escape, but he had been caught before he reached the outer gate. Since the time of Mohammed the Conqueror no officer of any nationality had left the dungeon without a Turkish permit.

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Unostentatiously they continue toward the main square. Then the man behind caught them up and looked curiously into their faces. H

through, as they had hoped, and the

It was necessary to climb over the railings. This they did, feeling terribly conspicuous in the rising moonlight, which might have made them easy targets for the sentries at the outer gate and to the passers-by of the streets.

Two little girls stood outside the railings and watched the performance. They clapped their hands, as the two boys arrived safely on the pavement. No other persons, however, stopped to look at them.

Walking quickly round a corner, Years-Brown and Paul boarded a train to the European quarter of Perra, called on some friends, and returned home, obtained a false mustache applied to them, and went to the local movies.



### The death of Talal, the Sheikh of Tafaz